

too much of you is never enough

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too much of you is never enough

by [luckylkeyou](#)

Summary

“Think your pretty privilege is gonna work on the people at TikTok? Think they’re gonna see your shoulder bruised up and fix everything for you?” Dream teases. “It works on me. I’d do anything for you.” He whispers it into his skin like a secret. “You know that, right?”

or

George gets bruises from carrying a 65 pound backpack full of skittles, Dream offers to give him a massage, and things go from there.

Notes

h...hey *tucks hair behind ear* long time no see

sorry its been literally 3 months since i last posted ive just been Struggling fr fr but i saw george's fucking [thirst trap](#) of his shoulder covered in bruises and got inspired so this was created.

not my best but im trying to get out of a slump so i hope yall enjoy!

“Shit, George, you need to be more careful.”

Those are the first words out of Dream’s mouth as he watches his boyfriend hook a finger under

the collar of his shirt and pull it to the side, exposing the raw, purple marks upon his shoulder. Dream runs the tip of his index finger along the sore area, hand quickly flinching back as he feels George tense underneath him. He doesn't want to irritate the already tender skin, so he lets George allow his shirt to fall from his grip, going slack against his neck and concealing the marks.

"I didn't expect it to leave marks like that..." George grumbles. He seems a little downtrodden, but Dream doesn't blame him. Having to carry around a 65 pound bag of skittles for 2 hours for a 5 second long TikTok *just* to have it taken down within 24 hours of posting it— Yeah, Dream doesn't blame him at all, in fact he's pretty pissed.

He's more annoyed than George, and it's not even his TikTok. Watching George massage his sore shoulder, he's clenching and unclenching his fist, already mentally typing up the tweet he's about to make. Stupid app. George deserves better.

Maybe he's overreacting, but that's what he does best. All he cares about is making George happy, so while his boyfriend goes to take a shower, he sits down on the couch and pulls out his phone, fingers tapping with intent at the button to compose a new tweet.

Dream tries to get himself to watch his tone, but he's already protective when it comes to his friends, *especially* his boyfriend, so he can't help the anger and frustration from seeping out into his keystrokes. He's seen George's annoyance and disappointment with having his videos taken down and account banned multiple times, and because he knows George isn't going to say anything himself, he figures he'll have to take the first step.

dream @dreamwastaken

because george is too nice @tiktok_us fix your fucking shit. he's been banned three times, had 3 of his last 4 tiktoks removed for guideline strikes he didn't commit, and gets a generic response any time he contacts support. help him you morons

He hits post. He could've been nicer, but at this point, seeing George physically hurt over it, he can't find it in himself to be nice.

He impatiently refreshes a couple times, scrolls through the replies and quote tweets, even though he knows realistically the idiots at TikTok aren't going to do anything this quickly.

The next time he drags his thumb down across his phone screen and releases to refresh Twitter, he's greeted with a tweet from George.

He has replied to Dream, but the thing that captures his attention most is the photo that George attached. It must have been taken just minutes ago. From the background it looks as if he's in their bathroom, back turned to the door. Dream takes in a sharp breath, eyes tracing the photo on his phone screen.

In the picture, George's bruised shoulder is visible. The photo is cropped in a way that you can't see *too* much, but it's strikingly obvious that George is shirtless in it. His neck is tilted to the side to give a better angle of the bruising, purple and red scratches blooming underneath the pale skin of his neck, and Dream has to readjust his grip on his phone due to his suddenly clammy palms.

He reads over the text attached to the image, but it's more skimming the words than actually absorbing them. He's too busy looking at the photo.

When George was showing him the sore area just minutes earlier, all that was going through his head were curses at George for thinking it was a good idea to carry around a 65 pound backpack, and even more curses at TikTok for taking down the video that George got those bruises trying to

make. His mind was clouded with frustration and annoyance, but now those worries seemed to have slipped from his mind like sand through fingertips.

Instead, he's busy studying George's neck in the photo. He hesitantly pinches at the screen to zoom in on the bruises on his otherwise unblemished skin. Dream bites at his lip.

But George is hurt. The bruises came from him getting hurt. And still...

Dream feels gross, feels like a pervert, but staring at this picture of George's neck craned to the side with bruises covering his pretty, pale skin, he feels warmth pooling in his gut. He can't help but to remember moments when George's skin has looked like that before—the stark contrast of purple bruises on George's fair complexion, but in a different context. Dream recalls dark splotches spreading across his chest and collarbones, and faint red teeth marks imprinted into his delicate skin. Dream swallows the saliva gathering under his tongue.

George surely knows what he's doing by taking this picture, Dream tells himself. He knows what kind of thoughts will come to Dream's (and also the fans') mind with a picture like that. Dream's hand flexes around his phone as he grips it a little too tightly. George accidentally got hurt, bruised himself up and posted pictures for sympathy, but the little devil sitting on Dream's shoulder is only whispering thoughts about hurting George more. Not a bad hurt, a hurt he knows that his boyfriend loves. He can taste the urge to sink his teeth into George's neck on his tongue, the desire to give him a few rough bites and paint his skin in pleasurable bruises.

Dream has to close Twitter before he gets fully hard just from staring at the picture of George's exposed shoulder. God, he's a little pathetic. Maybe a lot.

He squeezes his legs together and his dick throbs.

Definitely a lot.

Dream tries to calm himself down before George gets out of the shower. He scrolls through Reddit for a little while, looking at Minecraft content and taking a few notes on what he might like to try in the next Manhunt. He gets caught up reading a long post about some Minecraft mechanics he could possibly take advantage of when he hears the bathroom door open and quiet footsteps approach.

He looks up from his phone to find George walking towards him, fresh out of the shower. His skin is flushed pink from the hot water and his hair is still a little damp. He looks so cute. He's wearing a loose shirt and some grey sweatpants, smiling when he catches Dream's eye and coming to sit on the couch with him.

"Hi," is all he says, taking a seat next to Dream who easily lifts his arm to allow George to curl up next to him, George's arm sneaking around Dream's waist as well.

"I saw your picture." Dream keeps his tone nonchalant, putting his phone down to tuck a lock of hair out of George's face.

George hums. "And?"

"It looked sore."

He looks up at Dream from where he's tucked into his side. "It is. The bruises are a little tender, but mostly my shoulders are just aching from carrying the bag for so long."

Dream doesn't say anything for a second, just nods in acknowledgement as George rubs his thumb

along Dream's waist. He feels nice. His wet hair tickles Dream's neck and his warm body still hot from the shower heats Dream up. The warm water probably soothed his aching shoulders a bit, but he's not surprised they're still sore.

"Want me to massage your shoulders?" Dream offers.

George turns his head and presses a quick kiss to Dream's neck, laughing slightly. "Aren't you feeling generous today. First defending me on Twitter against the '*morons*' at TikTok, now offering me a massage?"

Dream chuckles. "Is that a yes?"

"Mm, sure." George pulls away from Dream, causing him to shiver at the loss of pleasant warmth.

"Okay, go ahead and take your shirt off and lay down on your stomach. I'll go get the massage oil."

They do this every so often, Dream massaging George or vice versa. Sometimes it's a stress relieving thing, to get rid of the stiffness in their bodies, and sometimes it's just an intimate thing to have your partner's hands on you, not even necessarily in a sexual context. Dream just wants to make George feel good.

He walks into their bedroom and opens up a drawer on the bedside table, rummaging around for the massage oil they keep in there. It doesn't take him too long to find the bottle, but as he's searching he spots something else that catches his eye.

It's a brand new bottle of lube they just bought recently. He hesitantly reaches for it, picking it up and biting his lip. He turns it around in his hand, contemplating. After a moment of thought, he shoves it inside his front hoodie pocket.

Just in case.

He returns to the living room to see George laying stomach down on the couch, shirt off and peering up at Dream with big brown eyes. Dream lifts up his hand to show off the bottle of massage oil, watching the corner of George's eyes crinkle up in amusement. He rests his chin on his arms tucked in front of him as Dream sets the oil down on the couch next to him. Subtly, trying to avoid being caught, Dream also slides the bottle of lube out from his pocket and lays it on the top cushion of the couch, out of George's view.

"How do you want me to do this? Can I just sit on your thighs?" Dream asks, trying to figure out a comfortable position.

"Yeah, that's fine," George hums, eyes already fluttering shut.

Dream slings one leg over George so that he's kneeling above him, knees on each side of George's hips. He lowers himself so he's sitting on George's thighs, trying to get comfortable but not wanting to crush him.

He runs his dry palms across George's exposed back, smiling when he twitches at the unexpected touch. His hands skim along his shoulders and down onto the sensitive skin of his ribs, causing George to whine in complaint.

Dream laughs quietly. "Okay, okay, I'll get started now."

He opens the cap of the massage oil and pours out a little onto his hands, recapping it and setting it

aside while he rubs his palms together to warm it up a bit.

Dream brings his hands down to George's shoulders. As soon as George feels the warm touch, he tenses up a bit before relaxing as Dream glides his hands across his skin, spreading the oil around his shoulders and the top of his back. He lets out a little hum of content when Dream starts to press his thumbs into the muscle of his shoulders, working out the tension.

Even though he doesn't really get anything out of it, Dream loves doing this for George. He likes making him feel good in whatever way he can. With each deep press of his fingers into George's stiff shoulders, Dream can feel the way he relaxes into his touch, melting into a puddle under Dream's strong fingertips.

"Does it feel good?" Dream asks, working his thumbs into the knots in George's upper back, aided by the slickness of the oil.

"Yeah, you're really good at this..." George mumbles, his words muffled from how he has his face shoved into his arms.

Dream runs over a spot that makes George groan aloud. He rubs deeper and more thoroughly, enjoying the way George swears and moans so sweetly underneath him. He loves having George like this, pliant and content, all for him.

"Why did you post that picture?" Dream asks suddenly, his voice just a soft murmur.

George's head perks up, looking behind him to see Dream's face. His eyes are bleary and glossed over and his cheeks are stained red. Pretty.

"What do you mean?" he asks, head collapsing against his arms once again as Dream works over a particularly sensitive spot.

"Were you trying to get sympathy from the fans?" Dream asks. His tone isn't accusatory, merely curious and slightly amused. "Or some other kind of attention from them?"

George seems to pick up on what Dream is implying and groans aloud, this time in annoyance instead of contentment. "Are you accusing me of posting a thirst trap of my neck?"

Dream hums and his grip tightens. "Kinda seems that way. Posting a picture of yourself shirtless with bruises all over you. Who knows how the fans could've perceived that."

George huffs a laugh. "I don't know how the fans feel, but I kind of have an idea of how *you* perceived it."

Dream's strong thumbs dig a little rougher into George's skin, earning him a faint groan. He takes a break from his massaging to gently glide his hands across George's upper back, then drags them down to his waist and curls them around his sides. He instinctively arches his back at the unexpected touches, breath escaping him in a faint gasp.

"And how's that? What do you think I thought about it?"

"I think you've got a dirty mind," George murmurs. A soft noise leaves his lips when Dream's nails gently run down his ribs.

Their massage has turned less into a massage and more into a game of sensual touches and quiet moans, Dream's warm hands mapping out every inch of George's skin he can reach. With each sensitive touch to his back, George's spine curves and arches down, shivering at the feeling. The

action also causes his ass to raise up and push into Dream, who is still straddling his hips. Dream lets out a deep breath via his nose, biting his lip. God, George is so hot.

“Maybe I do,” he says, fighting the quaver in his voice and trying to stay collected. “Maybe you’re just a tease.”

His left hand glides up to the very top of George’s shoulder, curling around to nearly his collarbone. So far he has only been touching George’s back and shoulder blades, because that’s where he knows the tension is from carrying the heavy bag on his back, but he knows the actual bruises lie on the front of his shoulders.

Not so gently, he presses his fingers into the bruises. George gasps and nearly convulses with how hard he twitches at the action, clawing at the fabric of the couch cushion.

“Too much?” Dream whispers, his touch becoming gentle again and rubbing soothing circles into the bruises.

George’s voice sounds hoarse as he responds, “No, it’s good. Keep going.”

Dream presses down roughly once again, rewarded by the dirty noise that comes out of George’s mouth.

“I don’t want the internet seeing you covered in bruises. Only me,” he whispers feverishly. “I want the bruises to come from *my* mouth, only for *my* viewing.”

Maybe he’s being a bit too possessive, but they both know that George likes it. He likes the possessive marks Dream leaves on his skin, claiming him with visible bruises and bites to prove that he belongs to someone. Dream’s pupils are dilated and his face is flushing red with the desire to sink his teeth into his supple skin.

The massage seems long forgotten at this point when Dream leans over George, caging him in against the cushions, breath hot on the back of his ear. He presses a wet kiss to the back of George’s neck.

“Think your pretty privilege is gonna work on the people at TikTok? Think they’re gonna see your shoulder bruised up and fix everything for you?” Dream teases. “It works on me. I’d do anything for you.” He whispers it into his skin like a secret. “You know that, right?”

George nods as best he can with his face still pressed into his arms.

Dream didn’t even realize it, but at some point he had started to grind his hips against George’s ass, who is now eagerly starting to push back against him. He trails kisses along the curve of George’s neck and down to where it meets his shoulder. Fortunately, the massage oil is edible (they were smart enough to realize it probably wouldn’t be long till they did something like this during or after a massage) so Dream is able to taste the faint residue of vanilla on his tongue.

“Turn over for me, I want to see your face.”

Dream lifts himself up so his weight isn’t holding George down anymore and allows him to flip over onto his back.

His breath is instantly taken out of his lungs when he sees George’s face. His cheeks are flushed red and his eyes are glossed over with pure arousal and content, lips slick with spit as he releases his lower lip from between his teeth. His chest is heaving up and down with heavy breaths, staring up at Dream with dark eyes.

“Pretty boy,” he whispers, leaning down to leave a soft kiss on George’s red lips.

His hips lower so that they’re pressed together at the waist, both groaning into the kiss at the feeling. Dream grinds his hips down onto George who just as enthusiastically pushes upwards into him, wrapping his arms around Dream’s neck and pulling him closer and encouraging Dream to rest his body weight on top of him.

George has always liked this, liked Dream holding him down with his body and nearly smothering him with his size. They grind against each other roughly, practically dry humping each other like teenagers, but neither seem to care. Dream kisses his way down George’s neck, nibbling at his throat and threatening to leave marks, coaxing a whine out of George.

“No marks on my neck,” he complains.

Dream lets up on the amount of teeth he’s using, but still licks and kisses at his throat. “Why not?”

“I still have to stream tomorrow. Don’t want the fans to see…”

Dream snickers and can’t resist the urge to nip at his neck just one more time. “You don’t want them seeing the marks? You sure had no problem showing the fans your bruises on Twitter. Shirtless and everything.”

“*Dream*,” he whines.

He laughs again. “Fine, fine, no hickeys on your neck.” He drops down to mouth at his collarbones now. “Doesn’t mean I won’t leave them elsewhere, though.”

Dream takes his time sucking deep, dark marks into George’s skin. On his collarbones, his chest, maybe a few nearing his shoulder but still leaving room around the sore skin from the backpack straps. He bites roughly just to feel George squirm, apologizing if he was being too rough with his mouth, but George just urges him to keep going. The sweet noises coming from his boyfriend just spur him on even more, grinding against him while claiming him with love bites.

He pulls back to admire his work. George, head thrown back, arches his back and pushes his chest upwards, showing off the evidence of where Dream has been. The hickeys stand out beautifully against his flawless skin. Dream couldn’t be more pleased.

“So pretty, sweetheart,” he whispers. George’s eyes flutter shut at the praise. “All mine.”

“You’re embarrassing,” George mumbles.

Dream hums in amusement, leaning down to kiss him on the nose. “Why’s that?” George’s eyes slowly open once more and the corner of his lips curl up in a smile, taking Dream’s breath away at just how perfect his boy is.

“Dunno. You got jealous I posted a picture of myself on Twitter and had to cover me in hickeys because of it.”

Dream’s head falls in the crook of George’s neck, laughing while leaving chaste kisses there. “I wouldn’t say jealous. Maybe just horny. Or maybe,” he nips at George’s skin while pressing his hips down against him, “you’re just irresistible.”

George is barely able to choke out an embarrassed *shut up* from behind his moan.

“Fine, if I’m so irresistible, how about you make me come instead of just biting me for hours,” he

snaps, but with no real venom behind his words.

Dream snakes a hand down to palm George over his sweatpants. “And how do you propose I do that?”

George’s eyes drop down to Dream’s lips, then back up to his eyes. A grin spreads across Dream’s face, and although there weren’t really any words needed, he still asks, “Mouth?”

George nods his head.

Dream easily lifts himself off of George and allows him to sit up against the arm of the couch so that he has enough room to lay down between his legs. They both grab at George’s sweatpants, four hands impatiently pulling the fabric off his legs, along with his underwear. The clothing is tossed in the floor, leaving George naked and sprawled out, chest heaving and waiting to be touched.

Dream can’t help but feel up George’s thighs, digging his fingers into the soft, fleshy inner part, pressing down hard enough in hopes it will bruise. George’s hips twitch upwards and Dream can see his cock leaking pathetically, George pleading with his eyes to be touched. His hands are clawing at the cushions, eyes dark and wet as if he might start crying if he doesn’t get Dream’s hands or mouth or *something* on him in the next 10 seconds.

Dream takes pity on him, though, and wraps a large hand around George’s dick. His hips instantly kick forward into Dream’s touch out of sheer desperation, a strangled groan leaving his throat. Dream’s other unoccupied hand reaches forward to grab George’s hips and force him back down.

“Stay still or I’m not touching you.”

George frowns and squirms again. “You wouldn’t, you want to touch me.”

Dream removes both hands completely and sits up. “You wanna bet?”

George stares at him, trying to determine if he’s bluffing or not. In the end, he gives up and says, “I’m sorry, I’ll stay still.”

Dream nods. “I expect you to stay true to that, because your dick is about to be in my mouth and if I sound hoarse on stream tomorrow, it’s your fault.”

George’s laugh is cut off by a gasp as Dream leans down and wraps his lips around the tip of his cock. His hands come up to rest in Dream’s hair, gripping tightly but not tugging. Dream looks up to find George staring back at him with pleading eyes. He slowly drags his tongue across the slit and watches his boyfriend’s eyes roll back with satisfaction.

Seeing George like this, reduced to just broken moans and limp limbs underneath him is one of Dream’s most favorite things. It’s not necessarily about finding pleasure in control, but more like finding pleasure in knowing he’s making George feel *good*. He wants nothing than to please him and make him see stars.

He can feel the way George’s abdomen tenses in an effort to keep himself still and not buck up into Dream’s mouth. Dream dips his head down to take more of his cock, minding his teeth as he sucks and laves his tongue against the slit. George’s fists tighten in Dream’s hair, causing Dream to let out his own moans and send rich vibrations through his throat and mouth. George whimpers and swears under his breath.

Pulling off of George’s dick makes a slick, wet sound and leaves spit drooling down Dream’s chin.

While he takes a second to catch his breath, he uses his hands to jack George off, aided by the thick layer of saliva.

“God, look at you, sweetheart,” he says, marveling George’s red face and marked up chest. “So beautiful like this.”

“*Dream*,” he whines, dragging out the syllables. “I wanna come.”

He rubs his thumb along the tip of George’s cock just a little too roughly, grinning at the way George’s thighs twitch next to his head.

“You wanna come now? Don’t want me to edge you over and over all night?” he taunts.

George shakes his head insistently back and forth, silently using the hands still tangled in Dream’s hair to drag his mouth back to his cock. Dream all too easily gives in, just wanting to make his boy happy. He’d be more than willing to edge George and tease him any other night, but it seems like tonight he just wants something simple and sweet. Dream obliges.

He takes George back into his mouth, instantly sinking down as far as he can go, taking in as much as he can without gagging himself. He’s always eager when he gives head, leaving trails of spit leaking down George’s dick while he swirls his tongue around his tip in all the places that get George’s toes to curl.

He takes too much and gags hard enough to bring tears to his eyes, but he doesn’t stop. George’s pleasure is the only thing on his mind, the only thing he cares about in this moment is getting him to come.

“Please, please, Dream,” George stutters. He’s been babbling nonsense for the past minute, nothing but begging and Dream’s name.

His thighs are trembling nonstop and even though he promised he wouldn’t, he’s squirming and trying to buck his hips up, but is stopped by Dream’s strong hand holding him down. He would reprimand him, remind him to stay still, but George is getting so close to his orgasm, Dream doesn’t even bother. He does, however, give him a rough pinch to the thigh when he jerks up too fast and chokes Dream, but that easily puts him back in his place.

Dream dares to look up at George through his eyelashes again.

His mouth is open as an endless string of moans and nonsense words spill out, dark eyes completely glossed over and wet, tears of pure pleasure threatening to cascade down his reddened cheeks.

Dream hollows his cheeks and puts his all into getting George off, both of them desperate to reach George’s orgasm.

“I’m— mm!” George yelps when Dream takes him down to the base. “I’m so close, Dream, please please please...”

Just mere moments later, George’s incessant begging is cut off by a strangled moan as he goes tense, Dream suddenly getting a salty, bitter taste on his tongue as come starts to spill in his mouth.

He eagerly takes it all, waiting for George to finish before swallowing. He pulls off and coughs a little, wiping the drool off his chin with the back of his hand.

When he looks up, George has an arm slung over his face, covering his eyes and his flushed

cheeks. He has a light sheen of sweat across his body, lungs heaving heavy breaths.

“Good?” Dream asks, voice croaky. So much for trying to sound normal on stream tomorrow.

George whimpers out an “uh-huh”.

Dream smiles in satisfaction at how fucked out his boyfriend looks. He sits up and tugs his scorching hot hoodie off so he can finally feel the cold air on his feverish skin. George lets the arm covering his face fall limply down to his chest, staring at Dream who is still seated between his bare legs.

His gaze falls down to the bulge in Dream’s shorts.

“What do you wanna do about that?” George asks, leaning forward to palm Dream through the fabric, making him stutter on his words, failing to get a coherent sentence out. He takes his hand and rests it on top of George’s, guiding it along the thinly clothed length.

“*Fuck*, good boy,” Dream curses under his breath as he continues guiding George’s hand. “Wanna know a secret?” he asks George.

“What is it?”

Dream reaches over and grabs the bottle of lube laying on the back of the couch, presenting it to George, who laughs in disbelief.

“You brought that too?” George exclaims. “So you were planning this? It wasn’t just a sweet massage for your boyfriend gone sexual?”

Dream wheezes out a laugh as best he can with his boyfriend’s hand still touching his dick. “Maybe.”

George smirks, trailing his hand to Dream’s waistband and dipping it inside to touch him properly. Dream’s smile drops as his face screws up into a moan at finally, *finally* getting direct stimulation.

“Well, give me a couple minutes to cool off and we’ll see how we can put the lube to use.”

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